

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 346.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

VOL. XIV. No. 8.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Magic Flute.*

(From the Brown papers.)

Once upon a time, in those days when the worship of Isis and Osiris prevailed in Egypt, and when beings of a spiritual nature were sometimes found under the power of mortal men, there dwelt in a delicious valley, among certain mountains upon the banks of the Nile, which have since disappeared from the maps, a man of grand and lofty nature, who united in himself the characters of an earthly prince and high priest of the gods. His name was Sarastro. His dwelling was a huge edifice, half palace, half temple, one of the noblest monuments of the old Egyptian sacred architecture. It contained within itself courts filled with tropical trees and flowers, adorned with fountains and statues of the gods — places for study and meditation — and around it were wide-spread gardens, extending on the one hand to the mountains, on the other to the waters of the sacred river — devoted to innocent pleasure, to mirth and joy.

Sarastro was the grand master of the Mysteries of Isis, and the great duty of his life, the grand aim of his thoughts and acts was to encourage virtue, to aid all who sought true wisdom for its own sake, to watch over and guard them during their periods of probation, and finally, to receive and consecrate them as members of the holy fraternity of which he was the head.

A band of noble and reverend men shared with him the mysteries and duties of the temple and its worship; trains of black slaves awaited his bidding and performed the menial offices of his palace; men servants and women servants, followers and dependents of all sorts added to the grandeur of his state as temporal prince.

In the same region of the world, in a castle built in the darkest and most gloomy style of Egyptian architecture, the entrance to which was through a cavern, that yawned beneath its massive walls, dwelt a mysterious being — the Queen of Night. She was of a haughty, proud, and revengeful nature, loving darkness rather than light; the opposite in character, as in sex, of Sarastro. Her dress was black as the thick darkness, but bright sparkling with stars, and, when she appeared to human eyes, vivid lightnings and rolling thunders announced her presence. Three women, also dressed and veiled in black, were her familiar spirits and executed her commands. The wedded life of the now widowed Queen had been blest by the birth of a single daughter, Pamina, a lovely and gentle being, whose spiritual tendencies were as virtuous as her person was charming. To save her from the evil influences which surrounded her, to give her virtues the opportunity of development, and to save her from temptation and sin, Sarastro had caused her to be taken from her mother and brought to his abode of wisdom and peace.

* For introduction, concerning the origin of Mozart's opera, &c., see last number.

In the Queen's mind grief and revenge struggled for the mastery — but against the power of the great ruler and priest she was helpless. She sought in vain to regain her daughter, equally in vain to punish Sarastro.

It happened that while the Queen was in this state of mind, nourishing her hatred and revengeful feelings, a young prince, upon his travels, Tamino by name, came near her castle. Whether through the arts of the Queen of Night or not does not appear, though it is probable, the prince became separated from his followers and, while unarmed and defenceless, was attacked by a huge serpent. He could only fly and call for help, and at length, overcome by fatigue and terror, hard by the entrance to the Queen's castle, he swooned and fell. At this instant the three women, attendants of the queen, flew from the cave and transfixed the monster with their silver javelins. The three were equally struck by the grace and beauty of the youth, and neither one was willing to allow another to remain with him while the others reported the adventure to their mistress. But this must be done, and the dispute resulted in their going all together, and leaving Tamino still in his swoon, from which he was awakened by the entrance of a new character upon the scene. This was a jolly, rollicking, prating, cowardly knave, ready to lie even when the truth would answer his purpose better, by name Papageno, by occupation a bird-catcher, a huge eater and drinker, sadly in love with pretty damsels, and now come, with cage on back, to strike bargains with the Queen's ladies.

Placing his cage upon the ground in front of the palace, he announced his presence by repeated blasts of his Pan's pipes and a lively song suited to his character and occupation, too busy with his own affairs to notice the prince or the dead serpent.

Tamino, recalled to himself, at the close of the bird-catcher's song drew near, and asked him who he was.

"Who am I?" replied the bird-catcher. "Perhaps it would be as well for me to ask who you may be?"

"I am one, whose father rules over many lands, mountains and valleys," replied the prince.

"What? are there other lands and mountains than these?" said Papageno.

After some conversation of like import, the prince, seeing no other person, pointed to the serpent, with the inquiry whether he was indebted for his life to him, Papageno. The bird-catcher trembled in every limb at the sight, until convinced that it was dead, when he at once claimed the credit of having slain it, by the mere strength of his muscular arms. During his description of his conflict with the animal, the three women had drawn near unperceived, and overheard this falsehood, as well as others which he added to it, in reply to Tamino's inquiries in relation to them. One of them suddenly stepped up to him, applied a heavy padlock to his lips, reducing his entire

vocabulary to "hm, hm, hm," and sent him about his business.

Being now free from the loquacity of the bird-catcher, they addressed themselves to the prince, told him of the Queen, their mistress, and of the loss she had sustained. Whether in consequence of the report which the three women had made of the beauty of the stranger, or of a preconceived plan, does not appear, but the Queen had determined to make Tamino the instrument by which she should regain Pamina, and at the same time be revenged upon Sarastro. In hope of awaking in him a passion for her daughter, she sent him by the women Pamina's miniature. It had the desired effect. His breast was agitated, as he looked at it, with feelings until then unknown — it kindled a passion as deep and strong as it was sudden.

The impression being made which the Queen had hoped, it suddenly became dark, thunders rolled, the women fell upon their knees and bowed their heads at the entrance of the cave, and their mistress, in her star-spangled robe, stood before them.

She addressed herself at once to Tamino, bade him fear not, and expressed her confidence that, through the aid of such an one as he, the sad heart of a mother might be comforted. She told him the story of the abduction of her daughter, gained his sympathy not only in her sorrow, but in her desire of vengeance, and promised him, should he succeed in rescuing Pamina, to give her to him in marriage. The prince gladly undertook the adventure and swore to risk all for the rescue of the maiden.

Another burst of thunder, and the Queen had vanished. Poor Papageno, who in the meantime had tried in vain to release his lips, now came back and with piteous gestures and sorrowful "hm, hm, hm," besought Tamino to remove the padlock. But this was beyond his power. The women, however, thinking him sufficiently punished for his falsehoods, relieved him, with an earnest caution to beware in future of lying.

To Tamino, now engaged in her service, they brought from their mistress an enchanted flute, cut from the heart of an oak of a thousand years by the father of Pamina, in whose tones was hidden so magical a power, as to protect its bearer in all dangers, to change the passions of men, make the sad joyous, and fill the envious and proud heart with friendship and love.

To Papageno, who would gladly have retained his humble position as a bird-catcher, but who was forced into the service of Tamino by command of the Queen, they gave a casket, containing a set of musical bells, similar in power to the Magic Flute.

Thus equipped for the adventure, it only remained to learn the way to the castle-temple of Sarastro. To the inquiries of the prince the three women informed him that three spirits, in the likeness of boys, would hover around him to guard and guide, whose advice and directions

alone he must follow. "So fare you well! We must away. Farewell, to meet some other day."

Pamina, meantime, might have been happy in the peaceful halls of the priest of Isis, but for the feelings natural to a daughter, and for the audacious passion of an ugly negro, Monostatos, the head of Sarastro's troop of black slaves, who took advantage of his position, to treat her as a prisoner, and to force his disgusting attentions upon her. In the afternoon of that day upon which the Queen of Night had gained an ally in Prince Tamino, the negro succeeded in forcing Pamina into a lonely apartment in the castle, and threatened her with death, unless she would consent to become his bride. But death to her, save for her mother's sake, would be happiness, as a deliverance from his persecutions. He called his slaves to fetter her with chains; but seeing her faint and fall upon the divan, he sent them away, and knelt beside her to gaze undisturbed upon her charms, and cover her white hand with kisses. At this moment, Papageno, who had been sent before as a messenger by his new master to seek Pamina, and who through the carelessness of Monostatos had gained an entrance into the castle, came stealthily into the apartment. The figure and face of the beautiful Pamina instantly caught his eye and filled him with admiration, to which his tongue, as usual, gave utterance. The negro started up affrighted. Papageno was no less frightened by the black face of Monostatos. Each took the other for the devil, and, after some moments doubt and hesitation, fled in different directions. Papageno, however, soon conquered his fear, reasoning that as there were black birds, there might well be black men, and returned to Pamina. Satisfying himself, from a careful comparison of her features with those depicted in the miniature, which Tamino had entrusted to his care, that the lady was none other than the daughter of the Queen of Night, and the beloved of his master, he related to her all that had passed, and besought her to trust herself to him and escape. Pamina hesitated from fear that he was not what he pretended, but at length was convinced, and they left the castle together.

Tamino, guided by the three boys, advanced directly towards the great gates of Sarastro's castle. Having reached the open space before them, they pointed thither and said: "Yonder is the way to your object; but only by manly courage can you conquer. Hear, then, our final instructions; be steadfast, patient, and silent."

"But tell me," said the Prince, "whether I shall rescue Pamina?"

"This is not for us to make known. Be steadfast, patient, and silent. Be a man! and then, though but a youth, like a man shalt thou conquer!" Thus saying they vanished.

"Be steadfast, patient, and silent," said the Prince to himself; "so may I attain unto wisdom — let this admonition be forever engraven upon my heart."

And now, as he looked around and measured with his eyes the vastness and grandeur of the palace-temple before whose gates he stood, he was filled with astonishment and wonder. It seemed to him a seat worthy of the gods themselves. Everything proved to him that here were united persevering industry, high art and the wisest adaptation of means to ends; but the Queen had impressed him so strongly against Sa-

rastros, that instead of seeing in the glory and magnificence of all before him proofs of his wisdom, goodness and power, he drew the conclusion that he, the monster tyrant, must be hated by so enlightened a people, who could need but an energetic prince for a leader to rise against him and destroy him. Encouraged by these reflections, and by the thought that none could have nobler and purer motives for action than he, he advanced to one of the grand portals; but even before he had knocked for admittance, a chorus of unseen voices, in awful tones, stayed his farther progress by the single word "Retire!" The same warning met him at a second door. Undismayed he drew near to a third. Without awaiting his knock, it opened, and a venerable priest, clad in the pure robes of his office, as one sees to this day depicted upon the monuments and in the catacombs of Egypt, came forth and addressed him thus:

"Whither wilt thou, rash stranger? What seekest thou in this holy place?"

"That which virtue and love claim for their own."

"Truly words of lofty sense! But how wilt thou find them? Love and virtue are not thy guides, but thoughts of death and vengeance."

"But vengeance only upon a monster."

"Such an one," said the priest, "thou wilt hardly find among us."

"But Sarastro rules in these valleys!" said Tamino.

"Yes, here rules Sarastro."

"But not in the temple of Wisdom," exclaimed the Prince, astonished.

"Yes, also in the Temple," replied the priest.

"Then it is all pretense and hypocrisy," said Tamino, and turned away.

"Wilt thou then so soon depart?"

"Yes, I will go, and enjoy my freedom and happiness, nor even enter your temple."

"Explain thyself further, thou art the victim of some deception."

"Sarastro dwells here, that is sufficient." (*Going.*)

"Lovest thou thy life, remain and answer me. Thou hatest Sarastro?"

"With an eternal hate!"

"Give me thy reasons."

"He is a monster and a tyrant."

"Hast thou proof of this?"

"An unhappy mother, bowed with sorrow and anguish, has proved it to me."

"A woman, then, has turned thy head? Ah, women are weak in action but great in talk! And thou hast trusted one? Ah, would Sarastro but explain to thee the object he has in view!"

"His object is but too clear. Did not the robber pitilessly tear Pamina from her mother's arms?"

"Yes, what thou sayest is true."

"Where is she, then? perhaps already offered as a victim!"

"It is neither the time, nor is it for me, my son, to answer this. My oath and duty bind my tongue."

"When will the veil be removed?"

"At the moment when the hand of friendship shall lead thee into the holy place to join the immortal brotherhood."

Thus saying, the priest turned away, the por-

tals opened, and he passed from the sight of Tamino.

The prince's bosom was torn with conflicting emotions. The demeanor of the priest, the respect, veneration, and love for Sarastro, which every word indicated, failed not in their effect upon the youth; he could but contrast all that he saw and heard with the darkness and gloom which surrounded the Queen of Night, and with the wild strong passions which she had exhibited. The desire for true wisdom, pity for the Queen, love for the original of the miniature, all agitated him, and above all, the desire to know the real character of Sarastro. In his spirit all was darkness and gloom, and an indescribable longing for something, he knew not what, had seized him.

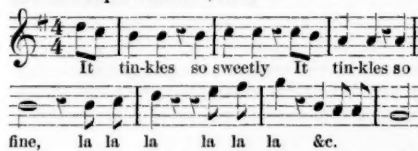
"When wilt thou pass, oh, everlasting night,
And these too weary eyes behold celestial light?"

To this cry of the Prince, a choir of invisible voices replied in mysterious tones: "Ere long, or nevermore!"

Surprised, but rejoiced that his words, involuntarily spoken, had been heard and answered, he ventured to ask if Pamina still lived, and the same chorus replied, "Pamina liveth still!"

The current of his feelings changed, joy for Pamina, gratitude to the unseen beings, dawning hope — all sought expression, and this could only be in music; and now for the first time he applied the flute to his lips and saw proof of its magical powers. At its first sweet tones, wild beasts, — apes, bears, and the like — came flocking from the neighboring forests, tamed and gentle, ready to lie down with the lamb, moving their uncouth limbs in harmonious action to the sounds of the music. If the flute has this power over the beasts of the forest, what if it should farther prove a means of communication with Pamina? thought he, "Oh! Pamina, hear me, hear!" A few moments more, and his tones were answered by the Pan's pipe of Papageno in the distance. Tamino instantly knew the sound, and hurried away to find his servant, hoping that he had, at least, seen Pamina. Deceived by the echoes he took the wrong direction, and was hardly out of sight when Papageno and Pamina, who had succeeded in eluding their pursuers, and in finding their way through the labyrinth of the temple and gardens, appeared in front of the castle. Now could they but find Tamino! for there was danger every moment that Monostatos and his slaves would be upon them. They had heard his flute and knew that he could not be far away; and Pamina in her anxiety and terror thoughtlessly called aloud for him. Papageno hushed her at once, and applied himself to his Pan's pipe as a better means of announcing their presence to Tamino, and one not likely to be suspected by Monostatos. The flute at once answered the tone, and in the next moment they would all have been together and might easily have escaped, but for the unfortunate call of Pamina to her lover, which had betrayed them and brought at this instant the negro and his whole train of slaves upon them. Pamina at once lost all hope, and so for the moment did her companion; but he, arrant coward as he was, had sometimes sense enough to have his thoughts about him, and, at this crisis it suddenly occurred to him that the three women had given him the casket of bells as a protection. How it could be so, what magic power it could have, what were to be the effects produced by his playing upon it, of all this he

had not the remotest idea; but here he was with the beloved one of his master, caught by an enraged negro in the act of flying from the castle, and surrounded by such a crowd of slaves as rendered all resistance hopeless. "Nothing venture nothing have," thought he; he therefore opened the casket and began to play. The first notes arrested every hand and foot; the fetters dropped upon the ground; every part of the slaves' bodies began to move in time to the music, heads, arms, legs, feet—it almost took away their breath, and they could only express their feelings in broken and interrupted accents, thus—



Papageno, perceiving the effect of his music, played even more vigorously, until at length they scattered or fell on all sides, completely overcome, exhausted with fatigue. The way was again clear, and while the slaves, gradually recovering, departed in one direction, the fugitives again set out upon the search for Tamino. It was too late. Grand and joyous music arose and the words, "Long live Sarastro," were but too plainly heard resounding from all sides.

(Conclusion next week.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Characters of the Keys in Music.

(Continued from page 228.)

NEW YORK, NOV., 6, 1858.

MR. EDITOR.—The elections over, and the excitement abated, gives an opportunity to pass from the consideration of the characters of candidates to that of the Keys in Music.

I cannot help thinking there is one great similarity between the alleged characters of political aspirants and those of the "keys," viz:—that instead of being *inherent* and *fixed*, they are *circumstantial* and *variable*!

To resume, however, the regular thread of our discourse, it seems to me that if the efforts of those who have sought to establish peculiar fixed characters in the keys, had been directed to an analysis of the positive and universal effect produced by each interval of a key, the result of their endeavors might have been beneficial to the musical world. I do not mean by this, that it is possible to ascertain the absolute effect in each of the endless variety of minds acted upon, but to demonstrate, for instance, that the effect of a major third, under given circumstances, is so and so; in the same manner, that notwithstanding the individual preferences for this or that color, scarlet is admitted to be rather sanguinary in its effect, while that of pink is mild, delicate, and soft. Any attempt to produce pink effect, by simply reducing, and yet retaining the same proportion of each ingredient in the combination composing scarlet, would be futile; it would be scarlet still, only in less quantity.

But, I see I am trespassing upon Proposition III; therefore I will close the present Proposition (II.) by giving a general opinion of the characters of intervals belonging to any key. I would class them under three heads and suggest:—

1. That the intervals known under the name of *major*, produce a sort of *par* feeling, as of an average amount of life and activity; and, by circum-

stantial accessories, this feeling may be raised above or depressed below *par*.

2. That intervals known under the name of *minor*, produce a depressed or melancholy feeling; but which will be increased or lessened according to accessory circumstances.

3. That intervals such as the *sharp fourth*, *imperfect fifth* &c., produce a slight shock, awaken the attention, &c.

So beautiful, however, are the arrangements of nature, that the really great difference between a major and a minor second, or third, sharp and a perfect fourth, perfect and an imperfect fifth, is not perceived when we proceed in the regular scale order. Of the thousands who have heard a scale sung, who dreams that two of the seconds of that scale are but half-steps as compared with the rest? And if we take an exercise of thirds, and proceed thus: 1-3, 2-4, 3-5, &c., who among the million would detect the major and the minor? So, also, with respect to fourths, if we commence 1-4, 2-5, &c. the sharp fourth 4-7 will appear as perfect as the rest.

The same thing may be said of all the intervals; it is only when any one of them is brought prominently forward that its peculiarity is discovered and retained.

With respect to intervals arbitrarily raised or lowered, the effect is discordant, for the moment, and produces excited curiosity until their object is attained.

Assuming it to be granted, for the sake of continuing the argument, that the proportions of the intervals in one key should be the same as in another, we will pass on to

Proposition III. Whether the range of tones in any particular key, *taken as a whole*, differs in sentimental quality or effect from that in another key?

We would observe first, that any such difference cannot arise from comparison, inasmuch as the presence or production of any key-range of tones excludes all others from the mind for the time being. A scale-range of tones is complete in itself, and the introduction of any other key, except upon certain ascertained principles, is attended with a shock.

Secondly, we would urge that if the proportions of the parts or intervals of a scale are like, the scale must be like also.

This is practically admitted from the fact that we find the same melody or musical figure in a variety of keys. Are we to understand, then, that "Yankee Doodle" in one key would, to say the least, have a tendency to serenity; in another, to boisterousness, and so on? Why not? If there is any inherent principle, surely it would show itself in that which is a part and portion of itself.

Surely, there cannot be any objection to an equal test; and I maintain that, play "Yankee Doodle" in what key you please, its peculiar melody and rhythmic character is the same.

But, while its melody and rhythmic character is the same, and its identity or peculiarity preserved, there is a difference; and that difference we shall consider.

The difference is a difference of velocity.

Before considering the effect that a difference of velocity would produce, let me ask a question. Suppose you were seated in a chair before the instruments of some Daguerrean operators, and two or more of them took your likeness at different distances, at the same moment of time. Would

the sentimental expression of your face be different, because the pictures were of different size? Would you in the one appear fierce, and in the other, calm and placid? Certainly not; the same proportion of one feature to another, in the one picture as in the other; and as a consequence, the same sentimental expression. Yet the pictures, though like, would be different. The smaller would be more acute, the larger more grave.

This, then, is the kind of difference that to my mind exists between one musical scale and another. But, as even such a difference cannot but have its effect, let us examine whether the alleged characteristics of the keys can be maintained upon it.

It is necessary, then, to this examination that we consider a few facts in connection with the production of greater or less velocity of vibration, and draw such inferences alone as such facts may warrant.

J. J. CLARKE.

The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schoelcher.)

(Concluded.)

Another admirable quality in Handel is his perfect clearness. He never exhibits the slightest inclination for tricks of art; and in his most supernatural conceptions he remains constantly natural. To all the qualities of strength he united the most exquisite delicacy, and always manifested the most supreme good taste. In this, again, the enchanting Mozart is the only one who can be compared with him. He transports and exalts you, but without surprising you. Even in the most remote regions of the empyrean to which he conducts you, the mind never loses its self-possession. He does not embarrass you by oddities: he vibrates every fibre in your being, and that without disturbing your equanimity. He has nothing of that school of dreamers which the admirable Beethoven and Weber have so ennobled. The great Beethoven has been sometimes strange; but he, never. His music is sublimated reason; and it may even be called reasonable music, if the word be used in that true and noble signification which it bore ere dry and narrow souls had rendered it a word of as much ill omen in the arts as it is in politics, merely to hide their own mortal coldness and implacable selfishness.

In Handel, both the form and the thought are pure and simple, free from all alloy. There is scarcely any need of musical education to comprehend it; it would charm the heart of a savage who had never heard a note of music before in his life. His style is exquisite because it is beautiful and true. Father André (paraphrasing St. Augustine) says, "Beauty is the splendor of truth"; and no one has illustrated that proposition better than Handel.

In him we find all the marks whereby to recognize the culminating powers of his art; he has been universal. Certain composers excel in the theatre, others in the church; this one in the fugue or the quatuor, that one in the chamber duet or the cantata; but Handel has treated all styles, and has excelled in all, whether the subject be gay or serious, light or solemn, profane or sacred. He would be the Shakespeare of music if he were not the Michael Angelo. Like Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, he composed instrumental music, which is as beautiful as his vocal music. The *Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin* and the *Organ Concertos* would be alone sufficient to place his name in the first rank. To appreciate the value of the *Suites de Pièces*, it is only necessary to quote the few words by M. Fétis: "These compositions are of the most beautiful style, and can be compared only with pieces of the same sort composed by Bach." This comparison with Bach is, in the mouth of Fétis, an enormous compliment. Hawkins had already said: "Without the hazard of contradiction or the necessity of an exception, it may be asserted of these compo-

sitions that they are the most masterly productions of the kind that we know in the world." Burney, speaking of the *Organ Concertos*, says: "Public players on keyed instruments, as well as private, totally subsisted on these concertos for nearly thirty years."

The overtures of Handel are extremely short, as was then the custom; they have none of those symphonic dimensions which are now given to that style of composition. "The most elaborate of them never cost him," as Hawkins affirms, "more than a morning's labor." Nevertheless, some of them include marvellous fugues. The celebrated critic, Marpur, in his *Lettres sur la Musique*, declares that he could never listen without emotion to that one in the second overture to *Admetus*. The celebrity which the *Hautboy Concertos* enjoyed during the last century makes one regret that Handel lived in a time when concerted music had not taken its full development.

Men who have been thus admirable in all the branches of art are rare. It is to be remarked that men like Gluck, Cimarosa, Mehul, and Rossini have not dared to write for instruments; they lack this gem in their glorious diadems. There, in fact, is the rock upon which all those geniuses, upon whom Nature has not lavished all her gifts, make shipwreck. Judges say that Leo, Porpora, Hasse, and Piccini are quite beneath themselves in their instrumental music. They inhabit Olympus, but they are only demi-gods.

In that musical Olympus the most divine masters have given to Handel the place of Jupiter Tonans. "He is the father of us all," exclaimed the patriarchal Haydn. "Handel," said the dramatic Mozart, "knows better than any one of us all what is capable of producing a great effect; when he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt." The lyrical Beethoven called him "the monarch of the musical kingdom. He was the greatest composer that ever lived," said he to Mr. Moscheles. "I would unceasingly my head, and kneel before his tomb." Beethoven was on the point of death, when one of his friends sent him, as a present, forty volumes by Handel. He ordered that they should be brought into his chamber, gazed upon them with a reanimated eye, and then pointing to them with his finger, he pronounced these words, "There is the truth."

What a magnificent subject for a picture! David did not select a more inspiring one in the "Death of Socrates," to which he has given a second immortality. Is it not grand to see these noble geniuses standing before each other on the threshold of eternity? Is it not beautiful to see the author of the English oratorios arising, as it were, from the tomb, to present his works to the author of the symphony in D, who greeted him with a sublime death?

Handel was not the less excellent as a performer than as a composer. He played to perfection on the harpsichord, and above all upon the organ, his favorite instrument. As an improviser, there was only Sebastian Bach who could be compared with him. Hawkins, who heard him, says: "Who shall describe its effects on his enraptured auditory? Silence, the truest applause, succeeded the instant that he addressed himself to the instrument, and that so profound that it checked respiration, and seemed to control the functions of nature; while the magic of his touch kept the attention of his hearers awake only to those enchanting sounds to which it gave utterance."

Handel exercised the same power over his hearers from his infancy. At eleven years of age he threw all Berlin into an ecstasy; at twenty, Hamburg declared his voluntaries of fugues and counterpoint to be superior to those of Kuhnau of Leipzig, who had been regarded as a prodigy. Festing and Dr. Arne, who were present in 1733 at the ceremony of the Oxford Public Act, when he played a voluntary upon the organ, told Burney that "neither themselves, nor any one else of their acquaintance, had ever before heard such extempore or such premeditated playing on that or any other instrument." His execution seized every body with amazement from the very first moment. Busby relates the following fact: "One Sunday, having attended

divine worship in a country church, Handel asked the organist to permit him to play the people out, to which he readily consented. Handel accordingly sat down to the organ, and began to play in such a masterly manner as instantly to attract the attention of the whole congregation, who, instead of vacating their seats as usual, remained for a considerable time fixed in silent admiration. The organist began to be impatient (perhaps his wife was waiting dinner), and at length addressed the great performer, telling him he was convinced that he could not play the people out, and advised him to relinquish the attempt, for while he played they would never quit the church."

In like manner, when he was at Venice, he enjoyed a curious triumph. Arriving in the middle of the carnival, he was conducted that very evening to a masked fete, at which he played upon the harpsichord, with his mask upon his face; on hearing which, Domenico Scarlatti, who happened to be present, cried out, "Tis the devil, or the Saxon of whom every one is talking." Scarlatti was the first player upon the harpsichord in Italy. What took place at Rome between Handel and Corelli still more forcibly proves that our composer was stronger upon the violin than the greatest virtuoso of his time. Mainwaring relates that Arcangelo Corelli had great difficulty in playing certain very bold passages in Handel's overtures, and that the latter, who was unfortunately very violent, once snatched the violin out of his hand and played it himself as it ought to be.

Every musical faculty was carried in him to the highest point. He had an inexhaustible memory. Burney heard him, while giving lessons to Mrs. Cibber, play a jig from the overture of *Siroe*, which he had composed twenty years before. It has been seen that the blindness with which he was attacked in 1753 did not prevent him from playing an organ concerto at every performance up to the termination of his career, and he did not always improvise. He sang also marvellously well. "At a concert, at the house of Lady Rich, he was once prevailed with to sing a slow song, which he did in such a manner, that Farinelli, who was present, could not be persuaded to sing after him."

But let me remind the young, that however prodigious may be the gifts accorded by nature to her elect, they can only be developed and brought to their extreme perfection by labor and study. Michael Angelo was sometimes a week without taking off his clothes. Like him, and like all the other kings of art, Handel was very industrious. He worked immensely and constantly. Hawkins says that "he had a favorite Rucker harpsichord, every key of which, by incessant practice, was hollowed like the bowl of a spoon." He was not only one of the most gifted of musicians, but also one of the most learned. All competent critics admit that his fugues prove that his knowledge was consummate.

It is a singular circumstance in his life that his genius gave him an indirect part in almost all the events of his century. His music was required to celebrate successively the birth-day of Queen Anne, the marriage of the Prince of Wales (George the Third's father), that of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Orange, the coronation of George the Second, the burial of Queen Caroline (all great events in those days), the Peace of Utrecht and that of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the victories of Culloden and Dettingen. To this day there is no great public funeral at which the Dead March in *Saul* is not used for impressing the mind with the solemnity of the occasion.

One may be disposed to say that Handel himself was a great conqueror. Thanks to his indefatigable perseverance, to his moral courage, to his indomitable will, and to his masterpieces, he succeeded, before he died, in dissipating the cabals which had been formed against him, in crushing folly, and in conquering universal admiration. The public was enlightened by the torch which he held constantly in his hand; the impression which he left behind is profound and living. It is ineffaceable. There is no other similar example in the history of art, of the influence which one man can exercise over an entire people. All the music of this country is Handelian, and if the

English love, seek after, and cultivate, more than any other nation, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, they are indebted to the author of *The Messiah* for it. No man in any country has dominated more generally over men's minds in his sphere of action, no composer ever enjoyed in his native land a more unlimited popularity.

Musical Correspondence.

SKETCH OF PROF. DEHN.—(Concluded.)

BERLIN, SEPT. 26.—The limited number of Dehn's works may easily be accounted for. Men who have so marvellous a talent for accumulating knowledge, find, above all others, as they advance, "hills o'er hills and Alps o'er Alps" rising ever before them. Unless it be in their power to devote themselves to a work or series of works for a long time uninterruptedly, they never feel that they have fully mastered their subjects. The time to begin working up their accumulated materials never comes.

Dehn too was a librarian, a man who, of a small collection, was determined to make one, which should be certainly in some parts unrivalled. His attention was thus drawn from his own studies and writings to a very great extent.

Again, for this daily four hours' attendance at the Library, for all the valuable knowledge, all the zeal and all the extra labor, which he brought and freely gave to the great end of making the Royal Musical Collection complete—for all this he was generously rewarded with the title of Professor and—500 thalers—\$375 per annum!—a sum not quite sufficient to pay his rent and keep his dwelling warm. Hence out of the Library there was little time for the work to which he would have gladly given all his days and nights. He sometimes said to us at the Library; when he saw that we hesitated to trouble him with questions and yet needed assistance, "Come to me, you will find me a living lexicon, you have only to open such or such a page and find what you want". This was indeed so; but he never said it boastingly; nor when any were present save those who he knew would understand it jocosely, as he meant it.

I often heard him urged by musical men to waste no time ere committing to writing his great stores of curious knowledge. One work was particularly mentioned—a treatise upon ancient modes of notation. Dehn would gladly do this, but—but—there was his family to be supported, his catalogues of Bach and other divisions of the Library to finish, his new edition of his *Harmony* and his *Lassus* to be prepared, and the like—so soon as he could find any spare time—then, &c.

Ledebur, writer of one of the notices of Dehn lying before me, says on this point: "It is a great loss to the musical world that Dehn never placed before the public a work containing his method of reading ancient notation. I urged him several times to do this, but he always answered that he had so many other works in progress as for the present not to be able to think of this."

When I first wrought in the Library, eight years ago, his abrupt and sometimes impatient "Well, what will you have?" as I labored in my imperfect German to state my wants and wishes in relation to books, sometimes confused and annoyed me. I soon learned that it was but his manner arising from the pressing nature of his occupation. He thought with the rapidity of lightning. Our acquaintance ran through some years, and during them all, his kindness and willingness to aid me were undeviating. The quartet and trio parties, with but some half dozen auditors—at which he played violoncello, his sister-in-law, Miss Wedel, a splendid artist and a pupil of his, the pianoforte, and other artists, as it happened, the other instruments, which were sometimes at his own house and sometimes at that of the mother-in-law, are among my pleasantest recollections of Berlin.

Here I saw Dehn free from all care and labor, kind, good humored, full of anecdote and wit, the life and soul of the company. How I was touched the other day to learn, that when ill and worn out I left Berlin in April, 1856, he said in a tone indicating real sympathy, "I shall never see T. again!"—His words soon proved true—but not as he feared.

Presumptuous ignorance was that which of all things he could least endure in any person. His sarcasms, which he could not avoid, when a man came to him and talked learnedly about that upon which he knew nothing, made him many enemies; but whoever, he saw, was working steadily with no object other than the truth—to this man he gave all aid and assistance in his power.

"Now Dehn is gone," said a gentleman to me the other day, "these fellows will have it all their own way. So long as he lived there was one whom they feared. They felt that he knew."—No names were called, nor did I ask whom he meant by "these fellows."

He seldom made many words, when he felt called upon to come forward and correct an error.

In one of Marz's book's a figure in the "Beethoven Studien" is adduced to show that very deep knowledge of the science of counterpoint is not absolutely necessary to enable a composer to ascend to the highest place in his art, the fugue in question being pretty severely criticized. Dehn in the "Cecilia," simply remarked, that this fugue was copied from Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, where it has stood for a century and a quarter as a famous example of the use of a certain chord, to introduce which it was written.

The collection of books left by the professor is by no means so extensive as one might suppose. After his appointment to the Library he ceased to collect for himself to any great extent, having everything there at his command. There are, however, several very valuable works in it, and as a whole it would be a great and valuable addition to any collection upon our side of the Atlantic. Kiesewetter's works are, I believe, complete with one exception. There is a fine copy of Gerbert's "*Scriptores Ecclesiastici de Musica*:" a copy of Fétis, one or two volumes enriched with Dehn's notes and corrections; a number of rare old works; three old Italian works, beautifully copied by Dehn at a time when he was too poor to procure them in any other manner.

Among the small collection of objects of interest left by Prof. Dehn, two are worthy of particular notice—a viola and a manuscript. No visitor at the professor's can fail to notice conspicuously hung upon the wall of the best room, in a case with a glass door, the viola, as remarkable for its size, as for the position it occupies among the pictures and other ornaments of the apartment. The following notice of it has been given me from one of his letters:—"During my travels in Silesia, where I spent November and December of the year 1845, and examined everything, I was so fortunate as to find and purchase a Viola, which surpasses everything in the form of good instruments, which I have thus far met with. This viola is one of the eight large instruments, which the celebrated Stainer (or Steiner) manufactured for the several Electors. These instruments have in part been lost, and only a very few, which are still well preserved, can be found. This one which I possess is wonderful in tone."

Gen. Lwoff, now Imperial Kapellmeister at St. Petersburg, a particular friend of Dehn, was delighted with it and advised him by all means not to part with it for less than £100. Probably even that sum could not have bought it, for its owner used to express his affection for it by jocosely calling it his *bride*. The instrument, as said above, is much larger than other violas, the head is ornamented with fine carving, and it is in all respects in fine condition.

The manuscript was a present to Prof. Dehn from Gen. Lwoff, accompanying his photograph, and mot-

ly beautifully copied by the general's own hand. The title is simply:

CONCERTO GROSSO,

and is by HANDEL. Three copies only exist; the original in possession of Lwoff, a copy given by him to a society in Dresden, and the one in question, which was made in 1857. Since Dehn's death Lwoff has written urging Mrs. D. to offer it for sale in England or America, assuring her that it is well worth £50.

Violin 1. LARGHETTO AFFETUOSO.



Basso.



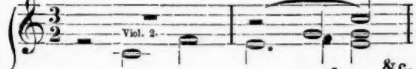
Violin 1.



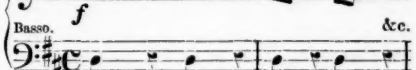
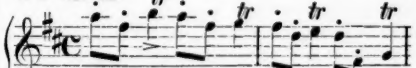
Basso.



V. 1. LARGO.



V. 1. ALLEGRO.



To me certainly it is a very interesting circumstance to have a new work by Handel thus come to light, just at a time when attention is again so loudly called to him and his works.

For the student of Musical History the loss of Professor Dehn is irreparable. He has left us a good example— indefatigable in his labors, but, and that is better—what he did, he did well. A. W. T.

NEW YORK, NOV. 15.—At the opera, *Don Giovanni* had a successful run of over a week—something unusual for our fickle audiences. The work was splendidly produced, and PICCOLOMINI, as Zerlina, has won great and deserved applause; it is by far the best role she has performed in here. The other singers, GAZZANIGA, LORINI, FORMES, and GASSIER, did very well indeed, and especial praise is due to Signora GHIONI, a new arrival. She took the part of Elvira, and raised it at once to prominence, introducing the difficult air which is usually omitted. Signora Ghioni is the best *seconda donna* we have had.

LABORDE appeared as *Norma* at the matinée on Saturday, and though very successful, it is not probable that she will create any *furor*. We have had in Sontag and Lagrange, such superlatively fine *bravura* singers, that it will take a most astonishingly brilliant executant to surprise us.

Mr. Ullman has certainly the most remarkable talent for keeping up an excitement, and though he has exhibited great liberality this season in producing novelties, yet much of his success is owing to the excellent tact he evinces in his managerial system. It is not humbug—that is too broad a word, nor does tact rightly express it; so let me call it managerial genius. In the first place there are his advertisements! They are certainly the most attractive and readable that could possibly be made. They are not

merely bold announcements of operatic facts, but they are delicate missives, that appear to be concocted solely for the private use of each individual reader. The manager therein appeals to your pride, to your liberality, almost to your conscience. He argues and reasons with respectful pathos, to prove why you should pay double the usual price. He hints at future novelties; he talks mysteriously of forthcoming wonders. Gazzaniga will appear to-night—Piccolomini the next, and then, oh! unexampled condescension, the two will appear together. Then Mme. Laborde will appear, and Mlle. Poinsoy will appear, and so, between debuts and revivals and novelties, the poor opera-goer is kept in a constant whirl of excitement. Then when the house is crowded at double prices, what does the incomprehensible Ullman do, but reduce the rates of admission to the old standard—and this too, when there was no apparent necessity for so doing.

On the whole, this speaks well for Mr. Ullman's liberality, and the little man fully deserves his title of the Napoleon of managers.

We are over-run with *prime donne*. In the city are Gazzaniga, Piccolomini, Laborde, and Poinsoy, Ghioni, and Carioli. At Philadelphia they have Parodi, Colson and de Wilhorst, while Gassier has but just left us. Mme. d'Angri sailed Saturday for Europe, and Miss Phillips has gone to Havana, so there is no really good contralto in this city. There is also a deficiency in tenor. Steffani has left to join Maretzek. Brignoli is jealously guarded by Strakosch, and Tammaro and Lorinni—both second-rate—are all that are left to us.

Mr. Ullman's triumphal season—the most money-making ever known in this city—closes soon, but not before the production of both *Robert le Diable*, and *Les Huguenots*, in the latter of which, POINSOY will appear. The company then go to Boston.

Concerts are beginning to flourish. Mr. WILLIAM SAAAR, a young pianist of this city, who has recently been studying in Europe, has returned, and given a concert with success. He performed selections from Bach, Chopin, and Liszt. The Philharmonic Society commences its season next Saturday. The Mendelssohn Union gives Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, Thursday evening, and the same night, a new *prima donna*, by the name of LANDI, gives a concert. The unfortunate absence of Mr. EISFELD will oblige us to lose his delightful classical soirées, this season, but this deficiency will be partially atoned for, by MASON and THOMAS' matinees.

I wish the "Shakespeare Sisterhood," the new work by Mrs. T. W. PALMER, were a musical book, that I might be allowed the privilege of speaking of it at length in your columns. It will consist of a series of sketches of Shakespeare's female characters, with such reflections as woman, taking a purely womanly view of the matter, would be apt to make. Nothing pedantic, obtrusive or dry—simply what a living woman of intelligence and refinement, thinks of the women of Shakespeare. And who can be better qualified to judge of women than a woman?

A troubadour is always a wandering, restless creature, and I am not exempt from the erratic failing of the race. Consequently, I am forever visiting new places and making important discoveries. I have, however, several haunts that I hover about periodically, and after prowling therein for a season wander away, seeking what I may devour elsewhere.

Among these places, I know none more snug and attractive than the cosy little office of Mr. Norton, the well-known agent for libraries, whose name will at once be recognized by all interested in books. It is in quite a classic region, directly over Appleton's mammoth bookstore, and in a building that is perfectly overrun with publishing offices of every kind, and is, probably, the most literary in the city. Mr. Norton has a vast number of queer old books—rare antique volumes, that will quite drive a bibliomaniac

wild with delight. I have spent many a pleasant moment in looking over these quaint old works, but few have I examined with greater interest than an illuminated missal of the 14th century, that now lies before me.

It is a remarkable old work, with a title page of big sprawling letters, around which is a neatly ornamented border, all done (as is the entire work) with a pen. The second page is still more striking, the letters being in red, and curiously ornamented with flowers of divers kinds, all traced out with laborious care and patient skill. After a number of pages of Latin prayers, I find the music—a style of music that could not be very intelligible to modern musicians. There are but four lines to the staff—there are no bars—the notes are all of the same length and character, being the now obsolete breve, and the general appearance of a page of this music suggests the idea of a large number of small black cockroaches, walking on the tight rope, or (to the use the happy comparison of a country editor), a parcel of tadpoles trying to climb a four-barred fence.

In these rushing times, it is almost painful to reflect on the long, long, days, that some mediæval monk has spent in the preparation of this missal. To be sure, the holy old fogies had little else to do, and that is perhaps the reason they did these things so well. The letters are all printed with pen and ink in the Latin character, about the size of two-line pica type, and the mistakes or corrections are exceedingly rare. In the capital letters, the monkish amanuensis expands into an artist, becomes decoratively imaginative and indulges in floral productions of the most remarkable styles, occasionally varying these refreshing objects with etchings of fat abbots or demure monks. This one book has probably occupied the spare time of the worthy scribe for 10 or 15 months.

You see such books, to this day, in use in the Italian churches, though they do not always possess the venerable age of this specimen. Each of the officiating priests has one, while in the centre of the chancel upon a desk that revolves upon a pivot, is placed a gigantic monster of the species, beside which the most ponderous ledger of the heaviest merchant in Boston will shrink to quite a little pocket edition. The letters in this huge book are suggestive of mercantile signs, while the notes are of a size that is appalling—the cockroaches have been expanded into dancing bears, the tadpoles are metamorphosed into alligators.

What has become of “—t—”, Let “—t—” be exhumed! The welfare of society demands the resurrection of “—t—”! Your interesting correspondent “H” has but anticipated myself, and asked the same question that, I have no doubt hundreds of your readers wish to have answered, when he desired to know the whereabouts of our mysterious “—t—”. It is to be hoped that a communication from his, or her pen, will shortly illuminate the pages of Dwight's Journal, and our eyes be once more gladdened with that mystical combination of quotation marks, dashes and letter, that typifies the great unknown, the immortal “—t—”.

TROVATORE.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 11.—The opera is now fairly under way, but is not characterized by the success to which so long an interregnum entitles it. On Monday night of last week, Mme. COLSON opened the ball in *Traviata*; she is a sweet looking person, with cunning ways and a most lovely voice; she sang the brindisi with perfect ease and rendered the rapid movements, which immediately follow, exquisitely. In the second act she exhibited great pathos, singing clearly and with fine execution. In the last act her representation of phthisis was painfully accurate. She was loudly called for at the fall of the curtain, and may be said to have had a very successful debut. BRIGNOLI, whose warm reception must have gratified him, sang splendidly. It seems hypercriticism to al-

lude to his acting—our fashionables go to the opera more to watch the actions of the singers and to examine each other's wearing apparel, than from any real love of music; if half the money spent upon dress were devoted to Art, we should have fine music and the best of performers constantly with us; AMODIO sang as well as he knew how; his voice is a most unmanageable one, he roars away drowning soprano and tenor, beating his breast and shaking his fists at the audience, as if there were necessity for such violent demonstrations; he should be more gentle, and his voice would have a better chance. The chorus sang badly and the orchestra played indifferently—the brass band, usually on the stage, was *non est*, and the noise was wonderful; the scenery was extremely fine; the house was not nearly full.

On Wednesday night we had *Lucia*, with Mme. de WILHORST, Brignoli, and Amodio. The soprano is perhaps the best American artist we have had at the Academy, but she certainly is not equal to the role of Lucia; she is extremely petite, and would look pretty had she not loaded herself with clothing. Her voice is thin but strong, and in some parts, the crazy song, for instance, did very well. Brignoli was ill at ease, but sang finely, particularly the much abused death song; Amodio sang in his usual boisterous manner; the chorus did better, but the orchestra, though better tempered, coöperated badly; there was a very poor audience owing to the weather. On Monday evening, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, with Mme. COLSON, LABOCETTA, and BARILI. This is the style of music to which Mme. Colson seems adapted, and very well she did her part. It was necessary that she should, for without her energy and fine singing, the whole would have been a failure; never was woman more poorly supported. Labocetta cannot sing, and when he attempts it, stretches out his neck and gasps at the throat as if he were choking, he is good in concerted pieces, but should never weary an audience by his incapacity in every other respect. Barili had but a poor chance; he seems to have a good voice, and with a chorus properly trained, would do well enough; the music was too rapid for him. The orchestra played miserably. Every kind of liberty was taken with the score; in fact, with the exception of Mme. Colson, the less said about the performance the better.

On Wednesday night, *Trovatore*, by Parodi, Strakosch, Brignoli, Amodio, and Barili. PARODI sang very well, but with the greatest indifference of manner. STRAKOSCH sang nicely and acted well, yet seemed out of place. She has not nearly so good a voice as Miss Philipps, who is a great favorite here. Brignoli sang admirably and Amodio too noisily and very much out of tune. The orchestra did better but the chorus was unendurable. The *Miserere* was well done, receiving an encore. Strakosch and Brignoli sang most satisfactorily in the last act.

A brother of the Mr. THORBECKE, who was lost on the “Austria,” is now established here, and bids fair to do well. The pupils of the late Mr. Thorbecke speak of this gentleman in the highest terms, they say he has great general culture and a touch that would please the refined ear of Mr. Dwight. The pupils of Mr. HERMANN THORBECKE felt for him the greatest admiration, not only on account of his excellence as an artist and teacher, but for his kindly nature and gentlemanly deportment.

The Germania rehearsals, with SENTZ as leader, begin next Saturday; the Musical Fund Hall will be well filled with young misses, who can hear much better, and allow others the same privilege, if they will talk less during the performances.

ACCIDENTAL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 16, 1858.—Since the debut of Mme. COLSON in *Traviata*, we have heard this highly accomplished artist in *La Fille du Regiment*, and in Flotow's *Martha*, sung for the first time in

Italian, in this country, last night. Her Marie in *La Fille du Regiment*, was an unequal performance, displaying at one moment sprightliness and vivacity coupled with exquisite vocalism, and at another instant betokening the crushed spirits of a lyric actress, who finds her coadjutors upon the boards inefficient, unrehearsed, nay positively incapable. At times she would rise to greatness, and display those brilliant points in her lyric education, which have constituted her the special pet of the New Orleans connoisseurs; she would flash out momentarily, as though she deemed it best to essay with her own exertions to retrieve the opera from the impending fiasco; but the shocking intonation, hollow voice, and stiff perambulations across the stage of the sergeant (Sig. BARILI),—and the sick-canary style of Tonio's (LABOCETTA's) spasmodic attempt at singing, proved too much for the charming Colson. The Opera proved a melancholy fiasco; and the 3 or 4000 habitués repaired homeward, with feelings of heartfelt commiseration for the immolation of the Prima Donna.

The Italian version of Flotow's admirable “Martha,” last night, evoked a magnificent audience, and proved highly successful. Here is the cast; Martha, (Colson;) Nancy, (Mme. Strakosch;) Lionel, (Brignoli;) Plunkett, (Ettore Barili;) was to have been Junca;) Tristram, (F. Barili.) They acquitted themselves as follows:—

Mme. COLSON. Charming; vocalizing the music with singular gaiety, abandon, and with the most affecting tenderness and expression, when incident and style of composition demanded. Her “Last Rose of Summer,” was given with a pathos, rarely equalled by any cantatrice we have heard; and affected not a few persons to tears, as did her *Con vien partir* in *La Fille du Regiment*. Mme. STRAKOSCH played with but slight effect, and from some cause or other, sang falsely in many instances, a defect which proved the more lamentable because of her uniformly correct intonation in other operas. Her shake is very smooth and even.

BRIGNOLI. The handsome tenor vocalized the score of Lionel unequally, now holding the audience spell-bound with the tenderness and inexpressible pathos of his “How so fair” romanza, then worrying the nerves of the same persons with his straining attempts to sing clearly and in tune certain notes of an altitude, such as he had never encountered in Verdi, and such as would not readily admit of transposition. Ah! Flotow, how rigidly you kept our hero of the *Trovatore* “to the scratch,” whenever time was called, in spite of the frightful strain upon his voice!—On the whole, however, Brignoli sang deliciously, and even took some degree of interest in the acting of his role.

BARILI, No 1: This gentleman's Plunkett, however not entirely satisfactory, was so much superior to some of his former achievements, as to ensure him considerable applause. His voice is long-drawn; his notes waver like a tremulant organ-stop.

BARILI, No. 2. Emptiness personified.

Mr. Strakosch, last night, very wisely wrested from the inefficient grasp of Sig. Nicolai, the conductor's baton, and swayed it with his own kid gloves. Well timed, indeed!—for, under the Nicolai regime, last week, every individual member of the orchestra seemed, as in a scrub race, to be striving for a certain goal, by a special and private method of his own. Strakosch, however, mended matters, with all the presto! change! like *savoir faire* of a magician.

Mme. de WILHORST has appeared in two operas,—*Lucia* and *Sonnambula*; and has caused the critics to marvel at her manifest improvement, since her first appearance here, at the Thalberg Concerts. PARODI, for her part, has made her *rentrée* upon the lyric boards, in the character of Leonora, in *Trovatore*, and of Norma, in the opera of that name. She still stands forth as a great tragic actress, but her voice has lost so much of its pristine power and freshness, as to cause her to use it in the most guarded manner. She was greeted with the most enthusiastic rounds of applause, on the part of a public, which has idolized her in the concert room for years. In the fourth act

of the *Trocuratore*, her exhaustion and failing of voice were painfully apparent. Parodi is no longer young.

Mme. Strakosch's *Azucena* in the *Trocuratore* was a splendidly natural picture, and also proved an ample evidence of the correctness of her school of vocalization. She sang the music with fine dramatic effect, and faultless intonation,—and indeed her entire rendition of the gipsy role places her, deservedly, along side of D'Angri, Miss Philipps, and others of note.

Next Wednesday night, we are to have a repetition of *Martha*. On Monday night, Gazzaniga in *Favorita*. What glorious news for the innumerable adorers of the *diva G*!

MANRICO.

BANGOR, ME. OCT. 30.—THE Maine State, and the Penobscot Co. Musical Associations jointly held a four day's session here last week, assisted by Mrs. J. H. LONG, and Messrs. B. F. BAKER and S. B. BALL of Boston. The united efforts of these well organized associations called together a larger and a more efficient body of singers than ever before assembled in the State on a similar occasion.

The choir, comprising some five hundred voices, gave two concerts—on Thursday and Friday evenings—consisting of selections from the Oratorio of the "Creation," "Baker's Church Music," and the "Opera Chorus Book," to full houses, and the last was literally crowded.

The choral performances, as a whole, were quite satisfactory, exhibiting many effects which could only result from hard and careful drilling. The songs, "He was despised," from the "Messiah," "With verdure clad," from the "Creation," and "Consider the lilies," were well sung by members of the association. Mrs. Long sang with her usual effect, and so did Mr. Ball. Messrs. Rice of Bath, and Merrill and Wilder of Bangor gave interest to the concerts in their several solos. The exercises on this occasion were conducted with characteristic propriety, and harmony prevailed among the members.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 20, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera "Luzrezia Borgia," arranged for Piano-Forte.

Musical Chit-Chat.

We suspend for a week the discussion of that vague term "Classical Music," to make room for the fresher matters of our Correspondence. In the utter silence of all music here in Boston, we can read with interest of what is doing elsewhere. . . . On Thursday evening, though, the "classical" vibrations of that dear Chickering saloon (not yet abandoned to the Philistines for a Court-house,) were once more awakened; the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB opened their tenth season—just too late, however, for our press this week; but we shall not let so good a theme escape us. . . . It seems to be the general understanding that the Opera is coming soon—perhaps before the month is out. What a Thanksgiving this will be to many! Ullman's opera, with PICCOLOMINI! Of course we are to see and hear the fascinating little Countess in her special role of *Traviata*; expectation is on tip-toe till our own senses realize what we have heard described with such enthusiasm, however poor and trivial a thing we may regard the music of that Opera. And we shall have *La Figlia*, and the other well-worn things which they have had in New York. But let us hope that we shall also hear some of the best things, some of the new things. Shall we not have *Don Giovanni*, in the grand style of which the New York papers tell us, with Piccolomini for the Zerlina, and FORMES, Leporello; no matter about the chorus of two hundred voices—we can spare that in an opera which has no choruses except those few bars: *Viva la Liberta!* And shall we not have

Il Barbiere, the immortal, ever sparkling? Then is there not *Robert le Diable*, which this company possess, and which was never given here complete? Likewise the *Huguenots*. And can we not well spare one of the hacknied Verdi things to gratify our curiosity about that pleasant little comedy of an old Italian master, *La Serva Padrona*, by Paisiello? With such materials as Ullman has at his command, such an army of superior singers, and so many operas ready learned, which have not yet grown hacknied here, it certainly is possible to have an interesting season for at least a few weeks. We trust the opera will stay just long enough and not any longer; for since the opera, with us, is always a spasmodic, all-engrossing fever while it lasts, and utterly excludes all chance of any other music for the time, we must either pray that its heyday may be short, or else be content to take Italian Opera in lieu of every other musical enjoyment, which we are not and cannot be at all. . . . And this reminds us of our excellent ZERRAHN, upon whom we rely for all our prospect of orchestral music for this winter. We are happy to state that the subscription warrants him in going on. It is decided that the four concerts will take place, and subscribers are now notified that they may find their tickets at the music stores. The rehearsals of the orchestra of fifty will commence forthwith, and the first concert will be given just as soon as the Italian Opera excitement shall subside, and leave a quiet field for Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The Symphony for the first evening will probably be the *Pastorale* of Beethoven, which we have not heard for two years. There will certainly be a good audience, respectable in numbers, and of the most appreciative and earnest; but there ought to be one large enough to fill the Music Hall, and show that that Beethoven statue stands for something truly felt in this community. The subscription lists are still open; let the enterprising conductor, who takes all the risk and pains for our enjoyment and improvement, have plentiful and prompt encouragement!

The friends and pupils of OTTO DRESEL will be glad to know that he is much improved in health and anxious to return here to his work, which surely is an important one and anxiously awaits him. He will sail for Boston in the "Persia" on the 27th inst., and hopes to be ready to meet his pupils by the middle of December. Mr. Dresel failed recently, in Halle, at a concert for his friend ROBERT FRANZ, the unrivalled song composer, who is kapellmeister there in Handel's birth-place.

JULIEN, the great, announces in London his twentieth and last annual series of concerts—"Concerts d'Adieu," previous to his departure on his "Universal Musical Tour", which is to include not only Europe, America, Australia and the colonies, but also the civilized towns of Asia and Africa! In short he has on foot a mighty plan to harmonize the World! He will set out (these are his words) "accompanied by the élite of his orchestra and other artists, savants and hommes de lettres (!), forming the nucleus of a society already constituted under the title of "Société de l'Harmonie Universelle," with the object not only of diffusing the divine and civilizing art of music, but of promoting, through harmony's powerful eloquence, a noble and philanthropic cause." Julien turned world-reformer! Meanwhile he gives the Londoners a higher class of concerts than he ever did before. He has reduced his orchestra to sixty, making a virtue of the necessity of taking a smaller theatre, because Beethoven considered sixty the right number for his symphonies! The first parts of the concerts are to be purely classical and grand, including the "Choral Symphony", the *Lobgesang*, "Gregory the First's Canto Fermo and Fuga Fugurum", and what not else with a big name. The bagatelles, galops, &c., are thrown into the second part; but one

of the bagatelles contains a bag-full of treason; it is "*La Grande Marche des Nations, et Progrès des Civilisations*," composed on the authentic National Hymns of every country and descriptive of the convocation and assembly of the Universal Congress, elected by every reigning monarch, every established Government, and every nation of the world, united in one peaceful confederation by the powers of harmony." By the powers of harmony, and of mud too, Jullien is great!

FINE ARTS.—Truly a wonderful painting, the finest of the kind that we have seen, is WINTERHALTER'S "Florinde," now on separate exhibition for a few days, at the always attractive store of Williams & Everett, 234 Washington St., where you will see so many other beautiful things *en passant*—among others, Rowse's perfect crayon portrait of EMERSON, pictures by Babcock, &c. "Florinde" stands there, the loveliest of a lovely group of maidens, Spanish beauties, near a dozen, round a fountain, all so beautiful that you are held in equilibrium between their rival charms. The grouping, drapery, scenery, all are exquisite.

Musical Review.

Among the publications of the last few weeks we find the following:

(By Oliver Ditson & Co.)

Posthumous Works of CHOPIN: *Valse in D flat*, (Op. 70, No. 5.) and *Ecosaise*, (Op. 72).

The *Waltz*, a little one of only two pages, is graceful, delicate, sweet, a little pensive, and will repay study, though not one of Chopin's most striking productions—not nearly as much so as the number before published of this little series, the "Last Mazurka." The *Ecosaise*, a sparkling dance, a *deux pas*, is simple enough as well as pretty in design, but demands well-trained hand and fingers.

Piano-Forte Album: No. 24. *Le Cascade*, by E. FAUER. No. 25. *Song without Words*, by A. JAEHL.

The "Cascade" is a pretty difficult piece, one of those highly elaborated conceits of the modern romantic piano-forte music. A pensive theme in G flat, *allegretto moderato*, first sings itself to a full and limpid accompaniment, as if it were one musing by a brook-side; this occupies four pages; and then the theme dissolves into a spray of demi-semiquavers, through which the melody again is presently distinctly heard, and clothed with changes of the continually reiterated spray figure for a dozen pages. Gracefully executed, it must be a pleasing piece.

Jael's "Song without Words" is the charming little piece which he contributed to the pages of this Journal some weeks since, and will serve for a very pleasant reminder of the genial and brilliant young pianist with his many friends here.

Favorite Songs, Duets and Trios of MOZART. S. S. Wesley's arrangement. No. 7. *Porgi Amor*, from *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

This sweet and tender melody, so truly Mozartean, has been republished often, as it deserves to be; but it will be pleasant to have it, so well arranged (from Mozart's score), and so beautifully engraved, as one of this choice series of the vocal gems of Mozart. To those who possess a voice and any real gift of song, we cannot too earnestly commend the study of every number of this admirable collection. It will be drinking from the purest fountains.

Germania: new Vocal Gems from eminent German composers.

Five more numbers. One is called "The Three Students," by SPIER. The German title is *Die drei Liebchen*. An effective sentimental ballad about three youths, sitting by "the noble Rhine" and drinking to the lady-love of each in turn. There is an alternation of three kinds of movement; an *Allegretto*, 2-4, a *Waltz*, and an *Andante*, 4-4, in each stanza. The last ends tragically; as their glasses touch the third time, Heinrich's bursts in twain, and a "piercing shriek," duly announced, of course, by a diminished seventh, accepts this omen of his true love's death. Quite a pathetic, German romantic sort of song for a baritone voice. Judged by high standards it is but an ordinary song; it has musically no originality; but it owes a certain power to the fascination of its subject and its strange alternation of the convivial, the tender, and the tragic.

"The Maid of Judah," by KUCKEN, is already somewhat well known as an effective and dramatic minor song,—the Jewish maiden's lament at the thought of her country. "Thou lovely angel mine" (*Du lieber Engel du?*) by FISCHER; "How can I leave thee!" *Ach, wie ist's möglich!*, by CRAMER; and "The Youth by the Brook" (Schiller's *Jüngling am Bache*), by PROCH are each good specimens of the more popular sort of song-writing of the minor tone-poets of Germany.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The various metropolitan choral societies are issuing notices of their resumption of "business," calling in chorists that have erst migrated marinewards, and inviting vocal aspirants to join their harmonious (or otherwise, as the case may be) ranks.

Firstly, at Exeter Hall the Sacred Harmonic Society is extending its powerful arms to embrace all the efficient assistance which may be offered, and for which it may find room. Mr. Hullah is advertising his classes for singing at St. Martin's Hall for all the singing classes. Mr. Leslie is re-marrying his forces. The London Polyhymnical Choir is issuing notes of preparation. The Bach Society is making a move. The members of the Vocal Association give weekly evidence in our own columns of an interest in the society's progress. The Surrey Gardens Choral Society is proving itself undismayed by the reverses associated with its name. A host of smaller fry, of various kinds and grades of pretension, are on the alert; and last, and far from least, the ponderous machinery of the Great Handel Commemoration Festival, though its grand feat is yet "dim in the distance," is yielding to the influence of so general a movement, and, though comparatively dormant, it is occasionally set in action to show that it is kept bright and in good order.—*Mus. Gazette.*

LIVERPOOL.—The *conversazione* on Tuesday evening, in St. George's Hall, was a brilliant and highly satisfactory affair. Shortly after eight there were about 1,000 persons present, including the *élite* of the town and neighborhood. The performances on the grand organ afforded much interest and pleasure. During the evening, Mr. W. T. Best played the following compositions:—"The Wedding March," by Mendelssohn. Air, with variations, W. T. Best. Fugue, J. S. Bach. Fantasia, from the opera of *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer. Chorus, "The heavens are telling," Haydn.

MILAN.—Mercadante's opera *Pelagio* has been produced here, but without much success. In this work, which is but little known, many beauties are to be found; but on the whole the music appeared labored, and the general effect is not satisfactory. The principal artists were Mdlle. Lafont, an excellent *prima donna* newly imported from France; Signor Sarli, tenor; and Signor Orlandi, baritone. The opera was well performed.

NAPLES.—Mr. Chorley writes to the *Athenæum* (Oct. 23):

Music, however, must be given up in Italy,—perhaps for many a generation to come. Fancy five days in Naples, and literally not a sound to be heard! nothing in the theatres; nothing among the fishermen at Sta. Lucia,—not a single *Tarantella* tune twanged out of a guitar by humpbacked man, or blind woman, or brown, dark-eyed child before the hotels!—nothing save a rather sweet choir-organ, which accompanied the plain-song in the *Duomo*. There was an opera given on the sixth night at the *Teatro Nuovo*, 'Maria di Rohan,' by a third-rate troop.—Matter fresher in interest to a Londoner tempted me elsewhere.

ITALY.—A gleaming or two—very famine-bitten, it may be feared, are the ears of corn!—may be given from the Italian musical journals, in addition to what correspondents send. From these we learn that Signor Peri is to write a Carnival opera for *La Scala*, Milan,—that the veteran, Signor Pacini, has just been producing an oratorio, 'Il Trionfo della Religione,' at Lucca; and is about yet another opera, to be called 'Lidia di Bruxelles,'—lastly, that an opera, 'Il Matrimonio per Concorso' (which, if a title tells anything, should be a comic opera), by Signor de Ferrari, has had an immense success at Genoa; the composer having been called for twenty times!—*Athenæum*.

VIENNA.—On the 7th of this month the uncovering of a slab, in memory of Franz Schubert, the musical composer, took place at the "Himmelfahrtsgund," one of the suburbs of Vienna. The slab is fixed in the house in which Schubert first saw the light, and has no other inscription but "Franz Schubert's Geburtshaus." On the right of these words a lyre, and on the left a laurel wreath, with the date of Schubert's birth, "31st of January, 1797," are to be seen. The whole has been planned and executed by the Vienna *Männergesangsverein*.

PARIS.—At the *Théâtre-Lyrique*, while *Le Nozze di Figaro* produces the most splendid receipts, the off-nights always command good houses with *Preciosa*, the *Medecin*, and *Broskovano*. The management is carefully preparing Mozart's *Don Juan*; *Les Chevaliers de Jeanne*, the virgin score of M. Bellini, the nephew of the composer of *Norma*; *La Fée Carabosse*, by M. Massé, and *Faust*, by M. Gounod. It has also revived *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*, and there is some talk of submitting Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*

to the judgment of the Parisian *dilettanti*. Mozart's *Don Juan* promises to prove very attractive, as there is a report that M. Carvalho has determined on playing the part of Leporello. After all, this gentleman has, for some time past, enjoyed such success as manager, that he may well rely on his lucky star, and succeed even in a part where he will have to contend against the remembrance of the illustrious Lablache. The revival of *Oberon* was received with unanimous applause. Many pieces were encored; among them were the overture and couplets—"Tra, la, la," so deliciously sung by Mdlle. Girard. A new tenor, of the name of Guardi, is to make his *début* in M. Gounod's *Faust*. M. Carvalho is taking the greatest care of this gentleman. If it were possible, he would shut him up in a case till the day of his first performance.

HAMBURG.—At the commencement of last June, a number of musicians and amateurs assembled, at the invitation of Herr Ave-Lallement and Herr Graedener, to make arrangements for producing, during the sitting of Convocation in September, Johann Sebastian Bach's grand *Passion*, according to St. Matthew, to a Hamburg audience for the first time. Only persons acquainted with Hamburg can conceive how difficult a task it was to give a performance of Bach's great creation, especially at the period just named, on account of the number of families in the country, of the horse-races, boating clubs, the absence of the vocal associations, etc. Such were the usual obstacles in such a case. In that of Hamburg more especially, we have to take into account the small acquaintance of the inhabitants with Bach's works, and consequently, the small amount of reverence entertained by them for his name; the dislike felt by many persons for the Convocation; the departure of the troops, taking with them some excellent instrumentalists to the camp at Nordstemmen; and, lastly, business, always business, the Exchange, always the exchange! But still there was a starting-point for the undertaking; the Bach-Verein, founded, in 1856, by Herr von Roda. Incredible, but true! This very association, which had set itself the task of rendering the public acquainted with Bach's music—this very association held aloof, from the outset, and refused to take any part in the proceedings! It based its refusal on reasons which it summed up, in an official notice issued by its own committee, in the two following sentences: "1. The work is too 'great'—according to the experience we have gained—to be studied and 'worthily' performed in the short space of three months; and, 2. The Hamburg Bach Society cannot, as a corporation, co-ordinate with any other association, in a performance of any of Bach's music." But all this, and a great deal more, did not deter him who had undertaken the trouble of getting up and directing the work. With every rehearsal there was an increase in the number, and (for how could it be otherwise?) in the enthusiasm of those who collected to execute the grand production. Madlle. Jenny Meyer, Herr Sabbath, of Berlin, and Herr Schneider, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, most readily promised their co-operation as solo singers, and when, on the 10th of September, the first of the four rehearsals with full band took place, lo and behold! the staging erected in the Catherinen-Kirche for more than 200 vocalists, and about 70 instrumentalists, was scarcely capable of accommodating those present. We may be allowed to add, in a few words: In the whole double chorus of singers and instrumentalists, there was not a single person who was not thoroughly penetrated with the lofty seriousness, and the elevated dignity of the four choruses, with the religious inspiration of the chorales, and with the fanatical fury of the Jewish choruses, and who did not strive, heart and soul, to reproduce the impression made on himself. In all the audience, which filled every nook and corner of the imposing church, there was not a single individual who did not listen with eager attention, for three full hours, to the tender or mighty strains; and who did not leave the church completely satisfied, and with the consciousness that something "great" had passed before his soul. What shall we say about solo singers? All three (who are so well-known that they do not require any lengthened eulogium) performed their difficult task with dignity, piety and inspiration, but we may boldly add that, without such an Evangelist as Herr Carl Schneider (formerly of Leipzig, but now engaged at Berlin), or at any rate, without any one approaching him in recitation, understanding, and feeling, the execution of the work is almost an impossibility. The festival was consecrated musically by the presence of the artist who had undertaken the incalculably difficult task of reducing the score, by unwearied collating, to the form in which it is at present published by the German Bach-Verein—we mean Herr Rietz of Leipzig, to whose complaisance and readiness to give advice, moreover, the directors and committee have owned themselves deeply indebted.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Round the corner waiting. Song. *Randegger*. 25
A playful little poem, to which the melody fits charmingly.

Cavatina from "Corrado d'Altamura." *Ricci*. 30

This is the last brilliant movement of a *Scena and Aria* for mezzo-soprano voice, which is well known to those conversant with the beauties of the older Italian writers by the first words: "O cara tu sei l'angelo." An English translation has been added. This piece forms a very agreeable and profitable lesson for somewhat advanced pupils, more with regard to delivery and phrasing, than florid execution.

The Frost upon the pane. *F. Wallerstein*. 25

This pleasing Song with its wintry subject is quite appropriate at the present moment. It is a nice little impromptu on one of the most harmless features of the stern destroyer, Winter.

Dreams of my childhood. *S. & Ch. Brockway*. 25

A pretty piece, effectively rendered at the entertainments of Morris' minstrels.

The first time we met. *S. Glover*. 25

My heart is sad for thee. " 25
Both will be a welcome gift to the many friends of this composer.

Lillian Lee. Song and Ch. *J. H. McNaughton*. 25

Written in the popular style of "Dearest spot on earth," "Jeannette and Jeannot," "Minnie Clyde," &c.

Instrumental Music.

Prison Duet (Si la stanchezza) in "Trovatore," arranged by *Adolph Baumbach*. 25

An arrangement of medium difficulty, as the talented author knows so well how to make. The arrangement strictly follows the original score of Verdi. Those who have visited the Boston Theatre during the past two weeks, have had the very same thing served up to them, excellently scored for Orchestra, by Comer's troupe of artists, always amid much applause.

Ormsby Schottisch. *Carl Trautmann*. 25

A well written, pleasing piece of dance-music.

Caissa (chess) Fantasia. *W. O. Fiske*. 25

A melodious impromptu, with a leading thematic phrase, reminding one somewhat of the crooked ways of the "Jacks" on the chess board. The piece is well written and calculated to interest as well as please.

Motif de Bellini, varied for 4 hands. *F. Beyer*. 30

This is the last and closing number of a series of six four-hand pieces, entitled: "Les deux élèves," (The two pupils). Knowing how often teachers are in want of easy duets, wherein the second player finds, like the first, a melodious, independent part to perform, and not merely a dry accompaniment to a melody, played in octaves in the treble, these duets are recommended as answering just this description.

Books.

FIVE THOUSAND MUSICAL TERMS. A complete Dictionary of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, German, Spanish, English and such other Words, Phrases, Abbreviations and Signs, as are found in the works of Auber, Beethoven, Bertini, Bergmuller, Carulli, Cramer, Czerny, Donizetti, Haydn, Handel, Herz, Hunten, Labitsky, Listz, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rinck, Spohr, Thalberg, Warren, Weber, and other eminent musical Composers. The whole including the celebrated dictionaries of Dr. Busby, Czerny, Grassineau and Hamilton, arranged, revised and corrected, by John S. Adams. To which is added a Treatise on Organ and Pianoforte Playing by Figures, &c. 50

